

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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THE utility and importance of the periodical press are too well known and appreciated to require any apology for adding one more to the numerous publications which already exist, if the novelty of its plan or the manner of its execution are such as to lay a fair claim to a share of the public patronage. With the hope of preferring such claim, the LITERARY CHRONICLE AND WEEKLY REVIEW is commenced; and although it is usual, on such occasions, to make ample professions of the merits of the plan, and of the ability with which it will be conducted, yet, as we do not wish to hold out delusive hopes of superior excellence, a brief outline of the nature and object of the work is all that is necessary; since the low price at which it is published, will place it within the reach of all classes of society, and they will judge how far the undertaking deserves that support which the Proprietors are willing to anticipate.

A leading feature of the LITERARY CHRONICLE will be, an Analytical Review of every new work of value or interest, as soon as published; in this department, it will differ widely from such of its contemporaries as merely take the title of a book for a text, and enter into long disquisitions, in which the author and his work are alike forgotten; or, if the former be remembered, it is only to indulge in splenitive invectives against his political opinions or private errors. On the contrary, our great object will be, to put our readers in possession of such an abstract as will, in some measure, enable them to form their own opinion of the merits of the work under consideration.

The next object of the LITERARY CHRONICLE will be, to give a faithful register of every novelty in Literature, Philosophy, the Fine and Useful Arts, History, the Drama, &c. together with Original Communications on every subject that may be conducive to the improvement, happiness, or entertainment of its readers. Original Poetry, Tales, Anecdotes, Bon-Mots, &c. with other interesting miscellanies, will be eagerly sought for and inserted.

The Proprietors consider it due to themselves to state, that the LITERARY CHRONICLE is unconnected with any other publication, and to assure the public, that it shall be conducted on perfectly independent principles;—that it shall never be raised in its price, nor abridged in its size or contents, whatever may be the share of public patronage with which it may be honoured.

Impartial in its criticisms, diversified in its contents, and regular in its publication, it is hoped the LITERARY CHRONICLE will become a welcome visitor and an agreeable companion to a large portion of that public whose patronage will be the highest ambition and best reward of the Proprietors.

VOL. I.

B

Review of New Books.

Journal of a Route across India, through Egypt, to England, in the latter end of the Year 1817 and the beginning of 1818. By Lieutenant Colonel Fitzclarence. 4to. pp. 502. London, 1819.

To a gentleman of less talents and observation than Col. Fitzclarence, a journey overland from India must have presented such a variety of interesting subjects, that whoever undertook it, could scarcely fail of gleanings much worthy of notice; but the superior advantages he possessed over ordinary travellers, his education, and the ardent love of research, which, he says, he had long indulged, rendered the undertaking highly gratifying, though attended with some difficulties, owing to the perturbed state in which the countries were, through which he had to pass. A more ample range, too, has been taken in this Journal than is usual, which extends itself to an account of the military and political state of India, its antiquities, manners, and customs, accompanied by reflections which discover the author to possess a more than ordinary degree of intelligence.

We shall not attempt any analysis of the military details which form so considerable a portion of this volume, but select such anecdotes as appear most interesting; and that without adhering very strictly to the order in which they occur.—Of the origin of the Pindarries, whose very name was, a few years ago, unknown in England, and who were lately so formidable a power, we have the following notice:—

‘They may be compared to the bands led by the Condottieri of Italy, in the middle ages; and had it been customary to have rewarded these with grants of land, as is done in India by jaghires*, it is possible that, by gaining territorial possession and establishing themselves as organized robbers, they might have become as formidable in Europe as the Pindarries have to the governments of India.

‘The history of this army of freebooters affords a curious instance of a settlement of outlaws growing into a real power; and, in all probability, an example of what, in an early stage of society, was the germ of many a state, and every reader will naturally apply it to the embryo age of Rome. Several etymologies of Pindarry have been suggested, but the most probable is that which traces it from Pind, *plunder*, in the ancient Hindue. Their origin, like that of most nations, is, in a great measure, wrapt in obscurity. They are said to be mentioned by Ferishta as early as 1689, at the siege of Bejapoor. We find that, in 1722, the province of Malwa was overrun with banditti, and it was deemed necessary to employ an officer of rank to clear it, particularly the districts of Chanderi.’—p. 4.

These were unquestionably the Pindarries:—

‘They do not, however, make any considerable figure in history till 1760, when they assisted, on the unsuccessful side,

* ‘Landed Estates.’

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at the battle of Paniput, so fatal to the Mharattas; and the only distinct account of a prior date is that of the head of one of the present durrahs, (a Hindee word, meaning a collective body,) who traces his ancestry back to a chief named Ghauzee-au-Deen-Khan, the commander of a body of horse, who accompanied and served under Bajerou, the first usurping Peishwah, on an expedition into Hindostan, A. D. 1735. This chief received, as a reward for his assistance, a jaghire, or grant of land, on the Nerbuddah, at Canonga. On the death of Ghauzee-au-Deen Khan, the leaders of this durrah are supposed to have set up for themselves, and their numbers are stated to have been considerable.—p. 5.

Their numbers appear to have increased most rapidly:—

‘In 1804, when General Malcolm was at Scindiah’s head quarters, he estimated the Pindarries in camp at about 10,000 men, which was by no means their whole force; out of this number, about 6000 were admirably mounted. In 1809, they were estimated at 24,500 men, of whom about 14,000 were good cavalry; in 1811, they were about 26,000, with a like proportion of valuable horses; and, of late years, they have continued to increase considerably in numbers.’—p. 6.

Of the rapid motions and cruelties of these freebooters, we have the following anecdotes:—

‘The surprising velocity with which they moved, certainly quicker than any other cavalry in the world, enabled them generally to evade pursuit. Having no tents or baggage, they would, at a moderate calculation, march one hundred miles in two days, three hundred in a week, and five hundred in a fortnight; but, when pushed for time or by circumstances, they moved inconceivably faster. From the horrid scenes of human misery which they continually contemplated, and in which they were actors, they became cruel and sanguinary in the highest degree, and hardened to all commiseration, they never scrupled as to the means by which they procured money. When they sacked a village, they put the inhabitants to various tortures, to force them to discover their little hoards, and, giving loose to their sensual appetites, ravished the women, often punishing with death those who offered any resistance; the Hindoo women, too, from an idea of contamination and shame, frequently drowned themselves in wells, after being violated. They had even so far extinguished the feelings of men, as, on some occasions, with a demoniac fury, to cut off the women’s breasts; and it was not an unusual practice to cut off the hands of children, as the shortest way of procuring the bracelets from their arms.’

‘But, to give at once an idea of the dread which their approach inspired, it will only be necessary to state a single example. At the time of their invasion of Guntoor, the inhabitants of a village called Ainavole, rather than encounter their well known cruelties and persecutions, and submit to the violation of their wives and daughters, unanimously resolved, with a firmness and resolution not unusual amongst the Hindoos, to sacrifice themselves and their families; and, when their resistance was proved to be unavailing, they performed the *joar*, by setting fire to their habitations, and perishing themselves with their wives and children in the flames, in one common funeral pile. This noble and exalted instance of honourable sentiment must increase British feelings for the future security and domestic happiness of the kinsmen of these victims, and loudly called on us to annihilate, with an avenging sword, the detested cause of so high-minded a sacrifice.’—p. 10.

Colonel Fitzclarence quitted the head quarters of the British Indian army on the 11th of December, 1817; when at Nagpoor, he found many Dutch guns, which did not excite his surprise less than another circumstance, for which, however, he accounts very satisfactorily:—

‘When the Rajah of Rewah was to pay us, about five or six

years ago, a sum of money, to the astonishment of the collector, he offered in part several thousand Venetian sequins in gold. I am well aware of the prevailing trade running through the hands of this republic before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope; yet that these coins should have made their way into a country certainly seven hundred miles from the sea, is a circumstance worthy of remark. The sequin is still well known in India by name, though it is corrupted into the word *chikeen*; its value is four rupees. The Spanish dollar is current in China; and from the vast quantities drawn to that country annually in exchange for its tea, has become almost a drug. Roman coins have, at different times, been found in different parts of India. This is easily accounted for, from the ancient complaint that India has, at all times, attracted the gold and silver of Europe to itself. It remained for an European power, by establishing a pre-eminent government on the spot, to return to Europe in private fortunes, and by other means, a portion of this wealth.’—p. 108.

It is a custom in India for an inferior never to approach a superior without a gift, and as our author, on his route, was always met by the chief man of each village, offering his nuzzur, or present of a rupee or two in a white handkerchief, with trembling hands, which he was obliged to receive, as the refusal would cause apprehension, and the acceptance being an assurance of good will and approbation. Of elephants, so common in India, and of the docility and instinct of which much has already been written, we have some curious anecdotes; and, as they are new, we shall close our present notice of this interesting work by extracting them:—

‘At certain times of the year elephants go mad in quest of the females, and become totally ungovernable. During the time our camp was at Erij, on the banks of the Betwar, in Bundelcund, one of our largest elephants fell into this state, and although he had the Mehout’s son on his neck, broke away, and rushed close to the head-quarters tents. The Mehout, with a long spear, attempted to bring him to order, thrusting it deep into the root of his trunk, and while giving directions to his son how to treat him, the animal watched his moment and rushed at him. The poor wretch saw his danger, and, in attempting to fly, fell over some tent ropes, and was pulled back by the trunk of the elephant and kicked to death. The animal then rushed to the river with the son of the deceased on his back, and what is remarkable, in passing some clothes spread out on the ground to dry, stopped short, and gave them up by his trunk to the boy, who to humour him pretended to put them on. A stronger elephant was at last brought to charge him, and his gallant Mehout managed him so well that the mad monster was obliged to give way, and being quite fatigued, in passing through some deep ground, allowed himself to be chained and secured. Accidents frequently occur when they are in this infuriated state. When we were encamped, at Puzdar, one of Major O’Brien’s elephants got loose and killed a man, who had opposed his going across the camp at night.

‘The astonishing docility and gentleness of these animals always made me delight in viewing them, and the variety of tricks that they are continually playing is very entertaining. They will, frequently, on being teased by the flies, walk up to a tree, break off a branch with their trunk, and rid themselves of their minute enemies. This prospective advantage in their judging of a future effect from a natural cause perhaps exceeds extinct.

‘The command the Mehout has over them is surprising, and the brutality with which they are sometimes treated makes it astonishing that they do not crush with their enormous force the wretch who lords it over them, and who, as a wanton exercise of his insolence, with one foot upon the trunk, and holding by his tusk or ears, often obliges the animal to lift him on his head.

* In war, the sovereign or commander-in-chief of the native armies always rode upon an elephant; and, in Indian history, it will be seen that a number of battles have been lost from the chiefs quitting their elephants, and being supposed by their troops to be slain, as they no longer appeared in their former elevated situation. These animals were cased in iron, and the war howdahs secured by plates of brass. They were sometimes employed in storming or assisting the soldiers to ascend the walls of fortresses without a ditch, and putting their heads against the gates to burst them open; for this reason the gates have, in many instances, large iron nails, a foot long, and an inch square at the base, to prevent their pressure. To counteract this, the elephants had iron plates on the front of their foreheads. In the time of Akbar, they were used in war with swivels on their backs; and, at the siege of Chitoor, they were introduced into the fort to destroy the garrison, who refused to receive quarter, having given themselves up to despair. Dow tells us that the scene was most shocking, the brave Rajahpoots, rendered more valiant by desperation, crowded around the elephants, seized them even by their tusks, and inflicted upon them unavailing wounds. The terrible animals trod down the Indians under their feet "like grasshoppers," or, winding them in their powerful trunks, tossed them aloft in the air, or dashed them against the walls and pavement.—p. 135-8.

'The elephant has a peculiarity which I do not think has been taken notice of by any naturalist. It has a reservoir to hold water, which it draws at pleasure, by introducing its trunk into its mouth, and uses it principally in cooling itself, by blowing the water under its stomach. This reservoir must contain several pints. In the native armies, the standard and kettledrums are carried on an elephant at the head of the army; and Marco Polo tells us that the grand Khan, in one of his expeditions, and in action, was stationed in a large wooden castle, borne on the backs of four elephants, whose bodies were protected with a covering of thick leather, hardened by fire. This castle contained many cross-bowmen, and on it was hoisted the imperial standard.'—p. 138-9.

(To be continued.)

The Carib Chief: a Tragedy in Five Acts. By Horace Twiss, Esq. 8vo. pp. 78. London, 1819.

If there be a paucity of talent in the dramatic writers of the present day, there is certainly no want of invidious critics, who are anxious to strip all modern productions of merit; if a play abounds in fine sentiment, it is wanting in incident and stage effect; if the incidents are striking and effective, it is too melo-dramatic; but should it not be wanting in any of these essentials to a good play, there is the most active scrutiny to detect the author in having stolen an idea or an expression from some obscure author, whose name is scarcely known, and whose works are not within the reach of one half of our dramatists.

That Mr. Twiss is a man of considerable literary talents is well known; that he is an ardent lover of the Drama, his Verbal Index to Shakespeare is an indisputable proof, and that he is well acquainted with the requisites necessary to constitute a good acting play, we think we shall be able to furnish evidence.

As a literary production, the *Carib Chief* will not rank high; the language is rather forcible than elegant, and some of the best passages are disfigured by a coarse and unpoetical expression; but, in the originality of the plot, the ingenuity with which it is managed, the striking incidents with which it abounds, and the strong delineation of characters, it is entitled to more than common praise.

The scene of the piece lies in Dominica, and during the reign of Elizabeth; it is, we believe, entirely the work

of imagination, and that the author is not indebted to any historical fact on which it is founded. Omreah, a native Prince of Dominica, had been subdued by Montalbert, the French general, his wife put to death before his eyes, and himself made Montalbert's slave. Sixteen years had elapsed, when Omreah having escaped from bondage, conquers back Southern Dominica, and meditates revenge on Montalbert. Maloch, too, the chief of the northern part of the island, and who had still maintained his power, determines on joining Omreah to expel the French from the island. The first scene in which Omreah appears, makes us acquainted with the wrongs which have driven him to such unbridled vengeance on his foe:—

'Omr. That when the fate
Of Guadaloupe drives back Montalbert hither
For shelter and repose, yon blazing fortress
May be the bonfire of his welcome here,
And sudden death his sanctuary—Oh!
Death to himself alone!—unequal fate!
Why can I reach no further? Why has he
No ties like mine—no wife, no child, on whom
I might repay the slaughter of my own,
And strike a three-tongued dagger to his heart,
Such as now cankers mine!—

Log. Know you not then,
That he comes here a bridegroom?

Omr. Can it be?—
Can fate relent?—and bring his bride to us?

This gives new impulse to his revenge, and makes him impatient for the attack:—

'Omr. Come, great Montalbert! bring
Thy bride, to see and share the devastation
To-morrow's day-break shall reveal!—To-morrow!
Thou know'st it is the consecrated day,
The anniversary of that, which brought
Death on my home.—'Twas such an eve as this,
So soft, so calm, that sixteen summers since,
Usher'd that bloodiest morn. Even now, I feel
Hot on my flesh, the fretting of the chains
Montalbert lock'd about me! Even now,
The same devouring fever kindles here, (*striking his head,*)
That madden'd me when I beheld my child
Seiz'd by his ruffians—saw my darling wife,
The gracious daughter of a line of kings,
Murder'd before mine eyes!—No more, no more,
Or in the whirl of my distemper'd brain,
The great revenge I seek will be forgot,
And my heart burst too soon!—Gods of our land,
Let him but see his bride, like mine, made captive,
And sacrificed by me, as mine by him—
Then, in whatever shape of bitter death,
Or bitterer life, it please ye cast my lot,
Body and soul I give myself unto you,
A martyr—but a conqueror!

An English force at this time lays before Guadaloupe, and Carbal, the chief priest of Maloch, in attempting an interview with them, is arrested by Montalbert; but Omreah, despising alike all alliances with Europeans, exclaims:—

'If I assist the attack, it shall be made
Before the hateful sons of Europe come
To share our glory, or to thwart our justice!'

Carbal is the son of Kathelrade, the foster mother of Montalbert, and though retaining that affection for the child she has held to her bosom, which the author of the *Tales of my Landlord*, so beautifully and pathetically describes, yet to save her son from the death which threat-

ens him, she prays for swift justice on Montalbert; while she is thus musing, Omreah, who had been watching near the French fortress, encounters her; the scene which ensues is an interesting one:—

Kath. Come thick upon him
Trouble, alarm, and peril! Press him down,
Ye English foes, that humble France and him!
And thou, Omreah, kindred of my race,
Whose very name makes pale his officers,
And scares him thus to cry abroad for help,
Come on, ere help arrive; rush on the fort,
While yet but half prepared, and in the tumult
Unlock the fetters of my wretched son!
Omr. What would you venture, Kathelrade, for this?
Kath. Who art thou that dost ask me?
Omr. He your prayers
Demanded. After sixteen years, you look
Once more upon Omreah.
Kath. Does my sight
Deceive me? or do I indeed behold
Him who has suffered, from this fell Montalbert,
Wrongs only less than mine?
Omr. Thou art an Indian,
Whose land white men have ravaged: thou'rt a mother,
Whose son, e'en now, a white man means to slay:
So stung, wilt thou be patient, till the blow
Fall irremediable, or wilt thou rather
Advance a purpose that shall right thy country,
And save thy son from death?
Kath. Shew but the way,
And let my wrongs be pledges for my faith!
Omr. Then on what errand are those soldiers sent,
Who parted hence but now?
Kath. To Maloch's quarter,
To levy aids against thy fear'd approach.
Omr. And when return they to the fort?
Kath. Ere midnight.
Omr. 'Tis well—'Tis well—their watchword is—
Kath. "Defend."
Omr. Enough, you've sworn—
Kath. I have; what would'st thou more?
Omr. The time cuts off all further parley now;
Wait in the outer court-yard of the fortress,
At ten to-night, firm in the faith you've pledg'd;
Then shall you know the rest, and see your son
Restored to liberty. Now we shall need
No English aids.—Act II. Scene I.

Trefusis, an English general, who has been imprisoned by Montalbert for many years, but has been liberated by Carbal, joins the forces of Maloch. He meets with Claudina, (now the wife of Montalbert) to whom he had been betrothed, on the spot where she had been led to believe he had fallen in battle. The struggle that ensues in Claudina's breast, between affection for the man alone she loved, and the ties which now bind her to Montalbert, are great, but the latter prevails, and when Trefusis urges her to fly and be saved by him from the destruction that threatens her, she exclaims:—

— "Never! I can feel
The wrong Montalbert has inflicted on me;
But I am still his wife, and in the hour
Of grief and peril, I will not desert him."

While Omreah and Maloch are met together, some French officers who had been sent as spies by Montalbert, are seized. Trefusis, is at this time, introduced to Omreah, and it affords our author an opportunity (to which he seems too partial) of indulging in the most severe reproaches on Europeans; the following is an instance of

what we allude to: Trefusis is appointed to take the command of some Caribs, by Maloch:—

Omr. Let him go! venture! perish! where's the matter?

If, for the myriads of our brethren murdered,
To glut the Europeans throats with gore,
One white man die to profit us!—one die!—
Why should one live?—To spawn in our warm sun,
To taint the free air of our isle, and hiss
His green infections on us, whose rank crest
We have the strength to crush?"

Omreah, and several Caribs in the disguise of French officers are admitted into the fort, after some reluctance and remorse on the part of Kathelrade; meanwhile Montalbert is making preparations for the defence. Claudina meets him, declares her interview with Trefusis, and reproaches him for having deceived her into marriage, by telling her of his death. The hostile forces approach and Claudina is placed in a recess beneath the northern tower, as Trefusis and her husband had both advised. The battle commences, Maloch encounters Montalbert, and falls by his sword, when Omreah enters, and attacks Montalbert, who strikes the sword out of his hand, exclaiming,

'Now savage, wilt thou sue for terms.'

Omreah, leaping upon Montalbert, whom he brings down upon one knee, replies—

'Nor grant them—

For I have made thee sure!
Applaud me warriors!
For lo, my arm has overcome Montalbert,
The head, the spring of all our country's woes,
The dread Montalbert.'

Trefusis having placed a guard on the northern tower, to protect Claudina, visits her; she supplicates for her husband's life, whom, she has been told by Trefusis, is now a prisoner, and whose punishment will set her free:—

Clau. Oh, horror!

Trefusis—if, as my fond heart once dream'd,
You've loved me truly, by that influence
I pray—nay, on my knees I thus adjure you,
—Ev'n though for him you have no pity, yet
Have mercy upon me, his wretched wife!
Will set me free! what, make a wife the cause
And accessory in her husband's murder!
No, no, you will not whelm that guilt upon me,
That deep condemn'd remorse!"

Trefusis forgets the injuries Montalbert had done him, in the intreaties of Claudina, and promises that they both shall be suffered to escape and meet together; the scene that ensues between Trefusis and Montalbert, and in which Kathelrade comes to intreat forgiveness for having betrayed the latter, is well managed, but we have not room to extract it. Montalbert is liberated, and Kathelrade appointed his guide to the coast.

The liberation of Claudina is entrusted to Carbal. Omreah is informed that she has escaped,—the scene that follows, in which Trefusis avows that he was the cause, is too striking to be omitted:—

Omr. Which of you
Has dared release my captive?

Tre. You may spare
Your threatening gestures, prince: for it is I
Have given Claudina liberty; which here
I do again, before the assembled host,
Proclaim and ratify.

Omr. By Maloch's soul,
I say she dies, although a thousand white men,
All arm'd like thee, stood threatening at thy back,
To force her from me.

Tre. I am resolute
In what I have declared. Our arms have earn'd
Much spoil in common: of which prize I claim
No costly share for my reward, but only
That captive, whom at all risks I will keep.

Omr. What! Is't for spoil that I have sold my blood?
Blood for base ore, as you do! I have girt
The sword upon my body for revenge,
And here it must be taken! For yourself,
If your own life be dear, produce the captive;
For her as best becomes a duteous wife,
She shall partake her husband's speedy death,
In Maloch's funeral sacrifice.

Tre. Thou'rt foil'd,
Insatiate savage! I have snatch'd the prey
From those curs'd fangs, and marr'd thy feast of blood;
And while thou rav'st, and lift's thy clenched hands,
And mutterest inward blasphemies against
Thy impious gods, Montalbert, with his bride,
Spreads his free sail to ocean's morning wind,
And, safe beyond thy reach of malice, scorns
Thy threats and thee—as I do!

Omr. They are safe,—
Safe are they, traitor? Let them! thou art left!
Why stand you all like stocks, and fear to seize him?
Hear you not, how his sacrilegious hand
Has freed the victim, destin'd to appease
The spirit of your loved, your murder'd king?

[The Carib seizes and disarms Trefusis.]

Tre. (Struggling.) What, like a felon! If thy savage
nature,
That riots in the blood of enemies,
Fear not the shedding of thine own, release me,
And let our equal blows end manfully
Our equal quarrel.

Omr. What release thee now,
A self convicted traitor to our cause!
Is't thus that Europeans use to deal?

Tre. Yet pause ere you proceed! the setting stars
Fade from the waning night, and tell the approach
Of those who shall repay this wrong upon you,
With fearful reck'ning—the expected force
Of powerful England.

Omr. I will brave the hazard.'

Claudina, in disguise, and the other captives, are
brought in,—she hears the fate to which Trefusis is
doomed, and begs to be heard:—

'Claud. Hear me.

Omr. I will: there's something in thy face,
That strikes upon my soul, and seems to bring me
A lost reflection of departed thoughts,
And things lov'd long ago. Speak! I will hear thee.

Claud. If I give up Claudina,
Will you bestow upon me in exchange,
The life and pardon of such other captive
As I shall ask?

Omr. I will, I will, discover
My enemy's bride, and—

Claud. Swear then, by the gods!

Omr. I swear!

Tre. She raves—she knows not what she says.

Omr. Silence, my oath is pledged.

Claud. I am Claudina.

Omr. Art thou Montalbert's bride? Thank heav'n that
made thee
So much resemble her for whose lov'd memory
Thou art to suffer!

Claud. Now for my reward.

Omr. Claim it.

Claud. I claim the freedom of Trefusis.

Omr. Trefusis?

Claud. You have sworn.

Omr. 'Twas a rash oath—

But 'twas Omreah's, and it must be sacred.
Release the European.

Tre. Oh, Claudina,
What hast thou ventured, and for whom?

Claud. For him
Who has done all for me.'

The landing of the English forces disturbs Omreah,
who determines on decoying them into a snare, and extir-
pating these 'white pests' from the land. Montalbert,
on his way to the coast, learns this treachery of Omreah,
and determines on communicating it to the English;
meanwhile the Caribs are preparing for the sacrifice of
Claudina; the office belongs to Carbal, the chief priest;
he delays and endeavours to appease the fury of Omreah,
but in vain; he then refuses the office, and Brancho exe-
cutes it at the very moment that the English, with Mon-
talbert, are coming to her rescue: a necklace drops from
Claudina, at Omreah's feet; he recognizes it, and ex-
claims,

'Stay, officious priest,
Stay your unhallow'd hands! I must speak with her
Before she dies!

Carb. (From the crowd.) Your mercy comes in vain;
She bleeds to death!

Omr. Accursed haste.

[She is led forward, toward Trefusis.]

Claud. Support me.
Forward. Dear friend, once more farewell!

Omr. This chain,—

How and whence had'st it thou?

Claud. If in thy nature
There's any touch of pity, keep the jewels,
That if my parents live and ever hear
My fatal story, they may know their child
Was poor Claudina.

Omr. Girl—who were thy parents?

Claud. I know not; for I was an infant yet,
When, on the first invasion of this isle,
Montalbert saved me, in the southern forest,
From a French soldier, who had raised his sword
To slay me for these gems. I'm faint!

Omr. It is,
It is—the time—the place—thy mother's voice—
Her look—her very features—'tis my daughter!
Claud. Can it be so? Am I Omreah's offspring?
Trefusis.

Tre. Monster! Heaven has turned thy rancour
On thine own head!

Omr. And is it thus the parent
Regains his long lost child?

Claud. Farewell, my father!
Embrace me ere I die, (she sinks to the ground, he kneels.)
and in this kiss

Receive the last forgiveness of a heart
Whose pulse now stops for ever. (Dies.)

Omr. Daughter, speak!
Speak to me; let me hear that voice again,
So like thy mother's! silent still! quite dead!
My child, my child! (Throws himself on the body.)'

Montalbert and the English enter, Omreah attempts to
stab him, but is prevented by the soldiers, and told by
Montalbert that he is a prisoner:

'Omr. Even so? then thus
I free myself for ever. (Stabs himself.)

Pardon me,
Great gods, if for a moment the weak grief
Of a fond father shook my nature's firmness!
'Tis past, and I am nerved again. Ha! ha!
Confess that I have triumph'd o'er thee, Christian!
I have redeem'd my amplest pledge of hate
Upon thy aching heart, which, now, I thank them,
They would not let me pierce,—since I would have thee
Still live, and bear my dying curses with thee! (Dies.)

The play, it will be seen, is full of striking incidents, which succeed each other with a rapidity that never suffers the interest to slumber; the plot, too, is good, and, as a whole, we consider it as one of the best tragedies that has been produced for some time.

A Narrative of the Expedition to Algiers, in the Year 1816, under the Command of the Right Honourable Admiral Viscount Exmouth. By M. A. Salamé, a Native of Alexandria, in Egypt, and Interpreter in his Britannic Majesty's Service for the Oriental Languages, &c. 8vo. pp. 230. London, 1819.

THE modest simplicity and artlessness of M. Salamé, throws a charm over his narrative, which is wanting in the pompous details of too many of our modern travellers who give to the most trifling incidents an unwarrantable importance. It is not the least remarkable feature in this narrative, that it is written by an Egyptian, who has commenced his work by a brief abstract of his life.

It was during the French invasion of Egypt, that M. Salamé, then about ten years of age, conceived the idea of studying the European languages, and at the age of fourteen years he could speak Italian, with a little French, and still less English. Having left school, he was apprenticed to a Christian merchant, from Syria, at Cairo, where he experienced the most brutal treatment; the first part of his duty, or rather employment, was to bid good morning to his master and mistress, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, by kissing their hands, and waiting to receive their orders,—lighting the pipe of his master,—helping him and his mistress to wash, and then attending to the counting-house until noon, when he attended them as at breakfast. The picture he gives of Syrian manners is curious:

'Before my master's coming home, my mistress was (after having spent her day in sewing or embroidering, and smoking,) to fill a bottle with about a pint of a kind of very strong spirit, called "*Araki*," or *aqua vitæ*, distilled from *dates* or from raisins, and to envelope it with a wetted piece of linen, in order to keep it cool till he came; likewise, she was to get ready for him, in a small plate, a few almonds, or radishes, or some cheese, to eat while drinking, in order to keep up, as they say, his appetite for supper. On his arrival at home, she was to receive him at the top of the stairs, to kiss his hand, to take off his great coat, to change his turban, and to stand before him with her hands across her breast, till he should order her to sit down, or ask her to bring him some water to wash his face and feet. After this, she was to bring him his pipe, and the bottle of spirit with the plate before-mentioned, and to fill a very small cup, and to present it to him, with something from the plate; and every time that he returned the cup empty to her, she was to receive it and kiss his hand. In short, by the time he had finished that bottle of *spirit*, he became quite tipsy, when he asked her for his supper, which was to be brought to the same place where he was seated. He could eat but very little, and then we (I and my mistress) were obliged to carry him to his bed, when, very often, he was angry with us, and got up to beat me and my mistress.'

Young Salamé soon left this degrading drudgery for Rosetta, where he made great progress in the study of the European languages, while in the employment of the Russian and Austrian consul-general, and afterwards in that of the English vice-consul. In 1805, he visited Cosseir, and travelled with the caravan from Cairo to Suez; from thence he went to Toor, and visited the celebrated monastery of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai. Here a number of Greek Monks reside, who, professing that they have a charter from Mahomet, who was born in the neighbourhood, levy "an immense income." Of this curious decree, M. Salamé gives an English translation.

In crossing the Red Sea, guided by a blind pilot, our author was wrecked on a rock on the Abyssinian coast, of the shape of a tree, and of various fine colours, and which was so hard that no instrument would take effect upon it. The crew, after being saved from shipwreck, were thrown into a prison at Yambo, by the governor, an old black slave, and confined for five days, on bread and water, after which they were suffered to return to Cosseir. The active disposition of M. Salamé would not suffer him to remain long idle at Cosseir, and he almost immediately proceeded with a caravan to Kerra, and from thence to the Nile; the account he gives of the actual government of Egypt is highly interesting:

'Egypt,' says he, 'in our modern time, was never under the control of one person alone, but the present governor, [Mohammed Aly Pashaw,] whose orders are obeyed, perhaps, as far as the Cataracts. This extraordinary man is a native of Cavála, on the coast of Rumania, opposite the island Tasso, and came to Egypt as a common soldier, where he raised himself to the throne, in some way like Buonaparte, by the force of his sword. He at first, after the grand Vizir left Egypt, was employed in the Beys' service, when he succeeded in making a revolution, and drove them out of Cairo. Then, as there was a legal Pashaw appointed by the Porte, (Kusruf Pashaw, the late high admiral) he (Mohammed Aly) began to manage, underhand, all the chiefs of the troops, till he created a general conspiracy amongst the soldiery, and compelled Kusruf Pashaw to escape to Damiatta; from which place he was brought again to Cairo, by Mohammed Aly's tricks, re-proclaimed Pashaw, and on the next morning was obliged to quit the throne, and run away to Rosetta, thence to Alexandria! Hkorshud Pashaw, (the late grand vizir,) being the next legal one, who was appointed by the porte for Alexandria, according to the former rules of Egypt, left that city and went to Cairo, where, in a few weeks after, he was likewise compelled by the conspirators to take refuge in the citadel, and begin firing upon the city. Mohammed Aly availed himself of the opportunity to induce the inhabitants to rise up and cry against the Pashaw, who at last found the best way was to capitulate, and quit the citadel of Cairo for Alexandria. Meanwhile the porte having heard of all these disorders, sent a new Pashaw, named Sayed Aly. He arrived at Alexandria safe; but on his way to Cairo, Mohammed Aly was ready to stop him at once, and shewed him the way to the grave instead of the throne! Mohammed Aly having now bribed the ulamâ, or chiefs of religion, who hold the highest ranks, (from superstition,) and are the leaders of the inhabitants of Cairo, nay, of all Egypt, he obtained testimonials of their approbation of his being the only person who was fit to govern the country; whereupon the Porte of Constantinople was obliged to acknowledge him as pashaw, and sent him the Firmans of Pashalik. He thus ascended the throne of Egypt, and has ever since been almost an absolute king! He cannot either read or write; and he consults nobody, trusting wholly to his own mind and judgment.'

The Mamluks, originally slaves imported into Egypt, from Circassia and Georgia, became so numerous, that

they rebelled against their masters, drove them out of Egypt, and took possession of the throne, about the close of the fourteenth century of the Christian era. They reigned for about one hundred and twenty years, and had successively thirty-nine different kings on the throne of Egypt, the last of whom, Ckanessoooh El-Ghoori, was driven from Cairo by Sultan Selim I, who is called "the Conqueror," in the year 1517.

Sultan Selim having thus destroyed the Circassians' power, made them his tributaries, paying a certain sum, annually, on the condition of their retaining the title of bey and the civil government of Egypt:

'Continual jealousies and wars weakened them much, and rendered the country miserable. Alij Bey El-Kebier, however, ascended the throne, coined money in his own name, and would have restored the Mamluk dominion to its former extent and power, had not the porte stirred up Hassan Bey El-Jaddawi, and other beys, against him. Among these was Soleman Bey El-Jerjawi, known by the title of Rayahaho, which signifies, "Let him repose," or "Give him repose." This word was the only order which he used to give for beheading a man, without the least, or hardly any cause! They said that he was always much pleased in seeing the head of a man jumping, by one single blow, off his body! And that his common amusement was to go about, with his sword drawn, in his hand, cutting off camels', horses', oxen's, and asses' heads, in one blow only! The death of this wretched brute was very much adapted to his taste. At the battle of Mallawi, against the present pashaw of Egypt, a shot took off his skull; and while they were making good their retreat, they put him upon a gun carriage, when, by the motion of it, his brains came out of his head, and he had his good repose also.'

In the sanguinary contest which ensued between the Mamluks and Mohammed Aly Pashaw, our author being secretary to Shaheen Bey, who was appointed general in chief of the Mamluks, had a most painful employment. In a battle fought on the banks of the Nile, the Mamluks were victorious, and Shaheen Bey ordered his troops "to give no quarter, and had announced a reward of *one thousand paras*, (about one pound,) to any man who should bring him a *head* of an Albanian or a Turk; all the prisoners were beheaded, and the heads brought for the '*reward*' to our author, who thus complains of his situation:

'My forced employment, on this unpleasant occasion, altogether, was almost my death: besides the daily danger and discomfort to which I was exposed, all the men who succeeded in getting one or more heads of the enemies were sent to me, being cashier, with orders from Shaheen Bey for payment of the reward; and willing to pay me great compliments, on their reaching the entrance of my tent, they used to roll the heads to the bottom of it all about me, saying, "May you see your enemies in this state." Notwithstanding I requested them very earnestly not to pay me this distinguished compliment, and that I would pay them with great pleasure without it, yet they would not cease doing it until I went and begged Shaheen Bey, who laughed at me, and said that "I was not a good soldier."

'On the next morning, when this attack, or rather massacre, was over, Shaheen Bey returned triumphant to the camp, with a procession of many heads before him, raised upon the lances' points, which afterwards were stuck all about the camp as a commemoration, (barbarous vanity,) of the victory!

'Now the pride of the beys became unbounded, and their credulity in astrology was most solemn. They were quite confident of their conquering the country; and with great anxiety were looking for the arrival of Ossman Bey Hassan, who, at last, after receiving the pleasant tidings of the victory, hastened and joined them. The whole of their forces now amounted to about four thousand Mamluks and fifteen

thousand bedouins. On his arrival, they made an agreement for the division of the kingdom amongst themselves.'

The policy of Mohammed Aly soon enabled him to gain that which his arms had denied him, and formed a treaty with the beys, who were thus separated from each other:—

'On Shaheen Bey's departing from the other beys, Ossman Bey Hassan approached him, put his hand upon his shoulders, and said the following words, with his tears flowing down his cheeks: "My son Shaheen, you know very well that I was a sincere friend to your father, and then to you; I see that you neither wished to follow your father's will, nor to listen to my advice; you are now going north, and we going south, but if you do not repent for what you have done, I shall let you shave my beard*."

Mohammed Aly now sent an expedition under his son, Ibrahim Pasha, against the beys in Upper Egypt, and having succeeded in clearing the kingdom of the greatest part of them, 'he turned his attention to an atrocious plan, to extirpate the rest, who had believed his sincerity, and were at his mercy. Under the mask of creating his second son, Tossun Pasha, general in chief of the expedition against the anti-Mahommedans, all the military chiefs, including the beys, were requested to attend the ceremony at his citadel, in Cairo, on Friday morning, the 22d of February, 1811. A. D.

'Every preparation of splendour and luxury was, naturally, exerted by every chief as much as possible, for the honour of the Pasha and his son, particularly being on a religious enterprise.

'The intended, but horrid and mournful Friday came, when Shaheen Bey Elfy collected all the Beys under his order (except Ahmed Bey, who was then on some business at Dashoor) at his palace; the whole of whom were most elegant Circassians and Georgians, accompanied by their favourite Mamluks, dressed in the richest uniforms, armed with the most splendid arms, and mounted on the finest horses! They left their homes, wives, and children, about nine o'clock in the morning, and proceeded on a grand procession through the city to the citadel, so innocently as so many lambs to the butchery!

Mohammed Aly having ordered the pellice, valued at 1000*l.* with which his son was to be invested, to be brought for the inspection of the Beys, inquired if every thing necessary for the procession was ready, and if all the military chiefs were come:—

'He then desired Shaheen Bey to superintend, together with the kakhia Bey, the arrangements of the procession, and to prepare all the Beys, of whom he was the head, to precede immediately before his son and court!

'Shaheen Bey, of course, on the Pasha's request, left the room, and went with the kakhia Bey to the great divan, where all the other Beys and chiefs were; and he began to direct them how to proceed in the procession with their respective suites. Meanwhile, the kakhia Bey was recalled into the drawing-room again, where, after his arrival, the door and shutters were re-shut up, and strict orders given that nobody should approach the windows.

'Mohammed Aly, Hassan Pasha, Taher Pasha, Ahmed Bey Arnaoott, and the kakhia Bey, remained in a deep conversation above an hour, when the inhuman and bloody plot was arranged: till this moment, none of them was aware of Mohammed Aly's atrocious design! Even the kakhia Bey himself, who is his prime minister, knew nothing of it!

'After the sanguinary consultation was over, the kakhia

* 'The most indignant act that can be offered to a chief, or to any respectable Mohammedan, especially an old man, is that of shaving off his beard after its being grown.'

Bey returned to the great divan, where Tossun Pasha was playing and laughing with Shaheen Bey and the others. He (the kakhia) desired him to walk to his father's apartments, together with the great chiefs there. On his arrival in the drawing-room, the pellice was put over his shoulders, and he went and kissed his father's hand. Terrible exclamations now of prayers for the Sultan and the Pasha, with cheers of hope for the victory, were heard all over the castle, which was completely crowded with soldiery. The Beys, as well as the other chiefs, paid their congratulations to the Pasha and his proclaimed son, and went to form the procession. The cavalcade began at first with the Janissaries, who proceeded on foot from the court of the castle, followed by the Dalies. The Albanian cavalry were the next to them who went out of the castle; and the innocent Beys were the last who preceded the Pasha's son. More than an hour elapsed till the whole of them left the court of the castle. Mohammed Aly now came out of his apartment, accompanied by Hassan Pasha Arnaut only, and went to a small room on the stair-case of the divan, looking over the court of the castle. He appeared to me very much agitated, and in a state of the utmost uneasiness—his eyes and face looked fiercely, and full of blood—he was dressed in a blue garment, pink robe, and pink turban:—he is a well-shaped man, about five feet six inches high, of light sharp eyes and reddish beard.

'When the court became less crowded, and the cavalcade was yet going out of the principal entrance, I went through the ruins at the west side of the citadel, by the remains of the ancient building called Joseph's hall, which is a short cut, and I came just in contact at the top of the descent (the walls of which were immensely crowded with troops,) where is a wooden railed gate made by the French, with the end of the Bey's cavalry; I stopped to see Tossun Pasha passing, intending then to go out of the East gate, where I had left my servant with the ass, and to proceed to see the whole procession through the city. But while standing there among the soldiery, and when the last, except a few, of the Bey's horsemen had passed, I saw, to my utmost horror, (nay not myself only, but every one of the crowd, even Tossun Pasha himself, saw) the gate closed, and Ahmed Bey Arnaut, running about the walls and screaming to the troops "fire!" who, being not aware of the plot, and seeing that if they had extended their arms with the pistols, they must touch, with the muzzles, either a head or a part of a human body, were rather at a loss where to fire, and did not fire immediately! Whereupon Ahmed Bey himself took out his pistol and fired it at one of the Beys; by doing which, a horrible and unfailing fire was, of course, opened upon them from every direction. The spectacle of the poor innocent victims falling off their horses from one side and from the other, was most awful to every human sense. The languid screaming of them was most shocking to the feelings; and the terror altogether was beyond imagination. The few of them who, by chance, were not killed or wounded by the first fire, alighted from their horses, but being so dreadfully confined within that narrow passage, could not assist themselves at all; and when the railed gate was opened, after the first firing, they ran (as I did myself) into the castle, seeking for mercy. But with the utmost degree of atrocity, they were pursued by the soldiery, and picked up one by one!

'Shaheen Bey was found among them, slightly wounded in his head and arm: he requested the soldiers who took him, to carry him to the presence of Mohammed Aly, who, on hearing that Shaheen Bey Elfy was alive, was still so brutish and barbarous as to order, without any hesitation, his head to be immediately brought to him! and all the other Beys who were taken prisoners to be also beheaded! Poor Shaheen Bey was carried to the door of the mosque, east of the ruins of Joseph's Hall, and there ended his existence. His head was brought to Mohammed Aly, then most cruelly sent to his unhappy wife! Afterwards it was skinned, the skin was filled up with straw and sent to Constantinople.

'The prisoners, or the other Beys, were taken to the stable under the great divan, and from the back gate were carried, like lambs, one after the other, to the ruins by the south wall of the castle, where, to the horror of every feeling of sensibility, they were most inhumanly beheaded!

'Dromedaryers were now dispatched with orders from Mohammed Aly to the governors of every province, to seize all the Mamluks who might be found, or have been sent by Shaheen Bey on business, in the villages, and to send them in chains to Cairo.

'About two hundred of these unfortunates were collected from the country, and sent to old Cairo, where they likewise were most barbarously beheaded. The whole number of the poor innocent victims of this most atrocious and horrible massacre, (of which no human sense could form an idea,) was between six and seven hundred!

Thus the Mamluks were extirpated from Egypt, and the house of Elfy extinguished, except Emeen Bey* and Ahmed Bey, who, by receiving a letter from his wife at Cairo, succeeded in effecting his escape to Nubia.

We have been so much pleased with this work, and made such copious extracts, that we can only spare room for a brief notice of that noble achievement in the cause of humanity, the attack on Algiers. M. Salamé and a flag lieutenant were sent with a message to the Dey from Lord Exmouth, to which no answer being returned, preparations were made for the immediate attack:—

'At a few minutes before three, the Algerines from the Eastern battery, fired the first shot at the Impregnable, which, with the Superb and the Albion, was astern of the other ships, to prevent them from coming in; then, Lord Exmouth having seen only the smoke of the gun before the sound reached him, said, with great alacrity, "That will do; fire, my fine fellows!" and I am sure, that before his lordship had finished these words, our broadside was given, with great cheering, which was fired three times within five or six minutes; and at the same instant, the other ships did the same. This first fire was so terrible, that they say, more than five hundred persons were killed and wounded by it. And I believe this, because there was a great crowd of people in every part, many of whom, after the first discharge, I saw *running away*, under the walls, like dogs, *walking* upon their feet and hands."

The following are characteristic anecdotes of British seamen, and we do not wonder that the activity, courage, and cheerfulness of our gallant tars, should be 'most overpowering and beyond imagination,' to our honest Egyptian:—

'While,' says he, 'I was going below, I was stopped near the hatchway, by a crowd of seamen, who were carrying two wounded men to the cockpit; and I had leisure to observe the management of those heavy guns of the lower deck: I saw the companies of the two guns nearest the hatchway; they wanted some *wadding*, and began to call "*wadding, wadding*," but not having it immediately, two of them swearing, took out their knives, and cut off the *breasts of their jackets*, where the buttons are, and crammed them into the guns instead of *wadding*.'

The seamen's wives were not behind hand in energy, in this glorious cause, as several of them on board the Severn employed themselves in helping their husbands with powder and shot, during the engagement.

The action lasted nine hours, during which, the ammunition consumed was immense; 262,777 lbs. of powder, 51,356 round shot, and 960 shells of 13 and 16 lbs. each. The batteries were destroyed, and hundreds buried in their ruins. The results are well known, and there is not a nation in Europe, but has received some share in the

* One of the slaves who had been with Elfy Bey in England.

benefit. The humbling of that power which had set so long the laws of nations and the rights of humanity at defiance, and the liberation of one thousand and eighty three Christians from slavery, are events not easily to be forgotten.

The gallant commander, Lord Exmouth, appears to have been most miraculously preserved:—

‘When,’ says M. Salamé, ‘I met his lordship on the poop, his voice was quite hoarse, and he had two slight wounds, one in the cheek, and the other in his leg. Before I paid him my respects, he said to me, with his usual gracious and mild manner, “Well, my fine fellow Salamé, what think you now?” In reply, I shook hands with his lordship, and said “My lord, I am extremely happy to see your lordship safe, and I am so much rejoiced with this glorious victory, that I am not able to express, in any terms, the degree of my happiness.”’

‘It was, indeed, astonishing, to see the coat of his lordship, how it was all cut up by musket ball, and by grape; it was behind, as if a person had taken a pair of scissors and cut it all to pieces. We were all surprised at the narrow escape of his lordship.’

We now take leave of M. Salamé and his interesting book, with less regret than we should otherwise have done, had he not intimated that it may not be the last of his literary labours. The knowledge he has acquired of the English language is remarkable; when he came to this country, at the close of the year 1815, he declares he was so ignorant of it, that he could not spell the word *bread*; and yet, in this short period, he has so far mastered the difficulty, as to be able to express himself forcibly and elegantly, and with fewer blemishes in his style than usually occur in the writings of foreigners who have had better opportunities and been longer resident among us.

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Théorie du Credit Public: Par M. Chevalier Henet, Commissaire Royal du Cadastre. 4to. pp. 587. A Paris, 1816.

THE interesting work of M. Henet contains such an excellent history of the French finances, and throws so much light on the nature and effect of the system now so much adopted in Europe, that of making public loans, that we are surprized in a country like England, where every thing connected with revenue and finance excites so much interest, that it has not been translated into English.

M. Henet has been nearly fifty years in the financial department in France, and is now the Royal Commissary at the head of the *Cadastre*, which consists of a detailed valuation of all the lands, buildings, rivers, and even the lakes, &c. in that country, and by which the *Impôt Foncière*, or property tax, is levied.

Whatever superiority the ministers of other countries might possess over those of England, they have always been allowed the palm in the subject of finance; it will, therefore, appear somewhat singular, when we declare, on the credit of M. Henet and the evidence his work affords, that there has been no plan, either of loans or taxation, adopted in England, but what had previously been tried in France long before. The property tax exists permanently in France, and is, by far, the greatest source of revenue; and a tax on income has been tried more than once, but relinquished. The French always kept the property tax and the tax on income perfectly distinct, and thus considered the difference between them;—that the former is only a tax on real property, while the latter must,

on the contrary, be always unequal, and often unfair and oppressive. The horse tax, shop tax, and almost every other that now exists in England, have long been known in France; but while we thus deprive our own countrymen of the originality of their financial plans, we must do them the credit of having carried them into effect with a degree of ability, and rendered them infinitely more productive and less oppressive than their neighbours.

M. Henet’s work does not merely consist of a dry detail of financial facts or information, but also contains much curious anecdote, and particularly relative to the period of the French revolution, of which we shall quote one instance.

When M. de Tournelles was made minister of finance, in 1793, M. Henet was chief clerk of his treasury, and gives the following curious account of the new minister’s first measure:—

‘We went,’ (that is M. Henet and his clerks), ‘to read to the minister a plan for recovering five hundred millions of arrears of taxes. The minister was breakfasting in a small apartment, with a *garçon de bureau*, named Chevalier, a Jacobin emissary. The breakfast finished, the minister came in to us in a dirty great coat, with one stocking off, the other on. He seated himself in a fine arm chair, and began mending his stocking and praising Republican simplicity, while we were reading to him the report for the recovery of five hundred millions of livres.

‘The stocking mended and put on, the minister took up Marat’s Journal, in which he proposed to cut off half a million of heads for the good of the Republic. He told us to continue reading, as he heard all; and when we had finished, he approved of the plan, and immediately signed five hundred circular letters to treasurers and collectors.

“I have had a hard morning’s work;” said he, “De Tournelles is a long name; were all the five hundred names put together, they would make several pages. My predecessor, M. d’O, was a happy man, his name was so short.” In the midst of the business came in M. Cambon, a member of the Convention, and a strong Jacobin; with the fanciful volubility of a native of Provence, he proposed to new model all the debts of the state: his plan was to have every claim ascertained, whatever was its nature; and if there were ten different claims from one person, to put them all together, calculate the interest at five per cent. and give the proprietor credit for a yearly *rente* or income, in one single line in a book, to be called the *Grand Livre*.’

This was adopted, and is the book in which all the rents are inscribed at the present day. No account is taken of the capital, but the creditor receives so much income or annual rent: all the loans of Mr. Baring’s, and others, have been inscribed in this manner. The origin of this plan is certainly curious.

On the subject of cash payments, M. Henet relates a curious fact. In the year 1795, when the assignats passed for a two-hundred-and-fiftieth part of their nominal value, and when the whole mass amounted to thirty-eight thousand millions of francs—when business could not go on any longer, and corn, of every sort, had disappeared, the Convention, though with great fear of the consequences, ordered the plates to be broken and all payments made in money. This was a desperate measure, but necessity obliged it—when, to the great surprise of all, money appeared instantly, and, what was supposed to have been melted or exported, was found to have been hoarded up: thus all went right without any difficulty or commotion; the alarms had been vain, and, as M. Henet observes, ‘one ought never to be alarmed in doing what is just and

right. The change from paper to cash occasioned not the least movement.' 'That example,' adds he, 'ought to tranquillize those who are afraid of recurring to cash payments.'

Such was the opinion of an intelligent and experienced financier, who had held important offices during the most eventful period of modern times, as recorded two years ago. Had it been written expressly for the committees of both houses of parliament, at the present moment, it could not have been more applicable; and we regret that we cannot devote more room for remarks equally interesting and important.

This history is very complete; it traces the progress of the loan system, from its commencement in France, two hundred and fifty years ago, when the government borrowed 8,400l. to the time of the revolution, when the oldest government in Europe was overturned. The details are from the best authorities, and we cannot but think that a translation of the work would be peculiarly useful at this critical period of our financial system.

Original Correspondence.

COCKNEYISM VINDICATED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—As, from local circumstances, the greatest portion of your readers must necessarily be natives, or, at least, inhabitants of this vast metropolis, it is presumed that any thing relating to it must possess some interest; it is from this conviction that I am induced to vindicate the natives of London from a charge, a thousand times repeated, viz. that of their having *corrupted* and *debased* the English language. To support this accusation, the dialect of the present age is adduced as the standard, which, however, is far from the truth, and it is certain that there is a less number of provincial words and expressions in use in London and its vicinity than in any other part of the kingdom; the verbal peculiarities are comparatively few, and what is called vulgarity is barely a residue of what was anciently the established national dialect, at different periods, from time immemorial.

The dialects in England are not from one common parent, but differ as much as the language and manners of the nations from whence they have been derived. The dialect of the northern counties, including Scotland, is for the most part Saxon, while that of the western counties is of British growth. In Kent, Sussex, and the other southern counties, are to be found many Gallicisms; and lastly, in London (the great Babel of them all) every language will be found incorporated, though that of the genuine Cockney is principally composed of Saxonisms; and it will not be difficult to show that, however ridiculous they may appear to those not born within the sound of Bow bell, yet that the Cockneys, who content themselves with the received language and pronunciation which has descended to them unimpaired and unaugmented, through a long line of ancestry, have not corrupted their native tongue, but are in general right; and, moreover, that even those very words which appear to be distorted in pronunciation, are for the most part fairly and analogically formed.

That the pronunciation and use of some words, are a little deformed by the natives of London, must be admit-

ted, but yet these are words of inheritance, which have been handed down from ear to ear without any intermediate assistance, and therefore admit of much vindication.

To the grand charge against the Cockneys of transposing the *w* and *v*, I shall not at present reply, but should you deem the subject of sufficient interest to permit of a second communication, I shall offer some palliation, if I do not entirely vindicate my fellow citizens in this also. I shall now therefore proceed to notice some of the principal *corruptions* of which the natives of London are accused; and first, of the use of REDUNDANT NEGATIVES such as '*I don't know nothing about it.*'

This accumulation of negatives is of no modern date among the Cockneys, nor is it of their own manufacture. Taking the language of France for a moment as a model, we find that a question is answered negatively, by '*Je ne sçai pas*;' and the Londoner in the same phraseology says, '*I don't know nothing about it.*' Now if this abundance of negatives be esteemed an elegance in the French language, the Cockney will say, why not in English?

The citizen, who having mislaid his hat at the London Tavern, inquired with pompous vociferation—if *nobody* had seen *nothing* of *never* a hat nowhere? no doubt provoked the laughter of every countryman and one half of the well-educated Cockneys who heard him, and yet this very superabundance of negatives may be proved from regal authority. In a proclamation of king Henry V, for the apprehension of Sir John Oldcastle, on account of his contumacious behaviour in not accepting the terms before tendered to him, are these words:—"Be it knowne as Sire John Oldcastell refuse, *nor* will *not* receave, *nor* sue to have *none* of the graces," &c. And although we now exclude the double negative, yet we find it very common among writers at different former periods, where the use of it was carried as far as the ear could possibly bear. Thus, Chaucer:—

'So lowly, *ne* so truly you serve
'N'il * *none* of 'hem as I.'

Troil. and Cress. lib. v.

And, in Shakespeare, examples occur so frequently that it would be troublesome to recount them; one, therefore, shall suffice:

'a sudden day of joy
'That thou expect'est *not*, *nor* I look'd *not* for.'

Rom. and Jul. Act iv. sc. 1.

'No, *nor* think I *never* shall,' is an expression used by Roger Ascham, a Yorkshireman; but the use of the double negative was getting into such disuse early in the last century, that its derisive adoption is felt by every one who reads the distich at the end of the epitaph of P. P. the parish clerk, printed in Pope's works:—

'Do all we can, Death is a man
'Who *never* spareth *none*.'

But the French language has hitherto only been quoted as the ostensible model, and yet that learned Saxonist, Dr. Hickes, remarks, '*Notandum est quod in Lingua Anglo-Saxonica negatis enuncietur per duo negativa †:*' and he produces some examples from the Saxon, wherein not only *two*, but *three* and *four* negatives are found accumulated in one phrase. This idiom was therefore characteristic in our language *seven hundred years ago*.

The next charge, or the one which I shall next notice, is the use of double comparatives and superlatives, such as,—*Worser—Lesser—More worser, &c. Most agreeablest, &c.*

* Will not.

† Thesaurus Ling. Vet. Septent. cap. xii.

This enlarging of the comparatives and superlatives is supported by writers of no small reputation.

‘Let thy *worser* spirit tempt me again.’

King Lear, Act iv. sc. 6.

‘Changed to a *worser* shape than thou can’st be.’

K. Henry vi. P. 1. Act v. sc. 4.

‘and *worser* far
‘Than arms.’

Dryden, cited by Bishop Lowth.

It is common also with the Cockneys to convert the comparative *better* into a verb, as—“He is much *bettered* in his circumstances,” &c. They might likewise transform the opposite comparative *worse* into the same shape, and quote Milton for both—

“May serve to *better* us and *worse* our foes.”

Par. Lost, B. vi. l. 440.

But the Londoners are accused of inflaming the offence by sometimes saying *more worser*; but to shew how much the comparatives, with the auxiliary *more*, were once allowable, the following examples shall suffice:—

‘Nor that I am *more better*
‘Than Prospero.

Tempest, Act i. sc. 2.

‘Ne’er from France arriv’d *more happier* men.’

Hen. v. Act iv. sc. ult.

‘*More sharper* than your sword.’

Hen. v. Act iii. sc. 5.

And our immortal bard has, in one instance, written ‘less happier,’ and that too where his metre does not exculpate him,

‘The envy of *less happier* lands.’

Rich. ii. Act. ii. sc. 1.

Having supported the Londoner in the general use of *double comparatives*, let us now follow him to the *double superlatives*, such as—*most impudentest*—*most ignorantest*—*most particularest*—*most agreeablest*, &c. and we shall find grounds equally ample for his justification. In the Psalms we meet with *most highest*; and St. Paul, in the language of the translation of the Acts of the Apostles, says, in plain narrative,—‘After the *most straitest* sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee.’*

Ben Johnson, in his English Grammar, gives us, from the writings of Sir Thomas More, ‘*most basest*’; and, in his comment, remarks, that such mode of speaking is an English atticism, after the manner of ‘the *most antientest* Grecians.’ John Lilly, whose style was, in his time, (about the middle of the reign of queen Elizabeth) thought to be the standard of purity, makes use of ‘*most brightest*.’ After this, Shakespeare supplies us with the following examples, viz. *most boldest*†, *most unkindest*‡, *most heaviest*§. As every degree of signification beyond the positive is an augmentation, so is this the triple degree, of it which carries it a stage farther than the usual extent, to enforce the superlative. There is a strong and energetic example of this in Hamlet,—‘But that I love thee *best*, oh, *most best*, believe it ||.’

Notwithstanding that we disallow the use of one comparative to strengthen another, as in ‘*more better*’ and ‘*more happier*,’ yet we do not think it incongruous to pile up a superlative termination on the top of a comparative, as in the words ‘*uppermost*,’ ‘*undermost*,’ ‘*utter-*

* Chap. xxvi. v. 5.

† Julius Cæsar, Act iii. sc. 1.

‡ Idem. Act iii. sc. 2.

§ Two gentlemen of Verona, Act iv. sc. 3.

|| Act ii. sc. 1.

most,’ &c. which exaggerations the glossarists tell us are founded on Saxon analogy. Here, sir, I conclude my first letter, but shall resume the subject with pleasure, when you can spare me a corner of your paper.

May, 1819.

I am, &c. &c. X.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Independent of the merits which the novel of the ‘Tales of my Landlord’ undoubtedly possess, there are several other circumstances which have concurred to render them popular, particularly their being attributed to a distinguished literary character, who has, notwithstanding, left it still a matter, if not of doubt, yet quite undecided. One superiority, however, the Tales of my Landlord, and the other historical novels of the same school possesses over the many which are daily ushered to the public, is, that their very plot, incidents, and language, are so truly dramatic, that it requires little more than a transcriber to adapt them to the stage. This is peculiarly the case with ‘The Heart of Mid Lothian,’ and as two pieces founded on it are now performing at Covent Garden and the Surrey Theatres, a comparative examination of the peculiar merits of each may not be unacceptable to some of your readers.

“The Heart of Mid Lothian,” produced at the Surrey Theatre, and which has been acted upwards of eighty nights, is written by Mr. T. Dibdin, a gentleman whose dramatic talents and intimate knowledge of every thing connected with the stage, are too well known to need any eulogium. In this piece, the author has adhered so closely to the original story, that no one that admires the novel (and who does not admire it), but must be pleased with its adaptation to the stage; the slight variations that Mr. D. has made, have however, contributed very materially to its success; the death of Madge Wildfire, who is rescued from the Cumbrian peasantry by Robertson, is finely conceived, and she dies, not only forgiving her destroyer, but still praying for his happiness. The conclusion is not less satisfactory: it is in the Tolbooth, where Jeannie Deans, the firm but affectionate Jeannie, arrives with her sister’s pardon, at the moment that Sharpitlaw is hurrying her to execution, the time of her respite having expired. Every thing in this drama is in excellent keeping, and the circumstances so natural, that, as Puff says, ‘if they never did, they might have occurred’ in any family. It is this adherence to nature which alone can render any dramatic piece of permanent interest.

Whether the success of this piece induced Mr. Terry, of Covent Garden Theatre, whose talents as a writer and performer are of a very high order, to attempt to dramatise the same tale, or he had it in contemplation before, it is unnecessary to inquire; it is, however, probable, that his being anticipated in a close adherence to the original has been the reason why he has deviated so widely from it. The first great error seems to be in giving to a domestic tale all the incongruities of the modern opera, that of introducing songs in situations in which people do not sing in real life*: although this was probably done in order to avail himself of the vocal talents of that delightful syren Miss Stephens.

But the greatest of all errors, and that the least ex-

* An acute writer has the following judicious observations on the established constitution of opera. ‘When a thief-taker is making

cusable, is the wanton metamorphose of characters and incidents throughout the whole: thus Jeannie Deans, whose stern and religious integrity is so prominent a feature in the novel, and which causes the verdict of guilty being recorded against her sister, is, in Mr. Terry's drama, made acquainted with the sister's error from her own lips, previous to her being committed to prison. To Dumbiedikes, a character sufficiently striking in itself, is added that of Reuben Butler, and rendered ludicrous only by the talents of Liston; the meeting at Muschat's Cairn, to which Jeannie accedes so readily to save her sister's life, is here the result of Dumbiedikes's mistake (who was the bearer of the message); and it does not appear for what purpose it was intended, unless to introduce Liston in a woollen cap and make him play the braggadocio and coward at the same time. The same objection lays to Jeannie's visit to the Laird to borrow money, for what purpose it does not appear, the necessary funds for her sister's trial being already furnished. The trial too, in which the judge, yes, the judge himself, endeavours to persuade Jeannie to save her sister's life by a falsehood, and the vulgar swearing of Ratcliffe, are highly improbable and unnatural.

But notwithstanding these defects, the drama still possesses considerable interest, and is managed with ingenuity. The songs are pretty, and the whole evinces considerable talent.

Of the manner in which the pieces are performed at the two theatres, it might be invidious to speak, as many of the characters at Covent Garden are but ill suited to the very excellent performers who fill them; it must, however, be observed, that the Dumbiedikes of Fitzwilliam and the Jeannie Deans of Miss Taylor, at the Surrey Theatre, are as decidedly superior to those of Liston and Miss Brunton, as the admirable portrait of the old covenant, David Deans, personated by Mr. Terry with striking felicity, is to that of Mr. Clifford.

In the scenic department, Covent Garden is superior in its extent and variety, but in that only, for at both theatres it has been painted by gentlemen at the head of their profession. It is scarcely necessary to add, that those at Covent Garden are by Nasmyth, and those at the Surrey Theatre by Wilson.—Should these strictures be deemed worthy of a place in your announced publication, their insertion will oblige
Your's, &c. DRAMATICUS.

THE VELOCIPEDE.

THIS machine is now too well known, and in too general use, to render any description of it necessary; it may, however, be observed, that there is less originality in it than has generally been imagined.

In the 'Marquis of Worcester's Century of Inventions,' written in 1655, among a variety of curious and his arrangements for future trials and executions, he must give the history and spirit of his employment in a song. When a mother discovers the disobedience of her daughter, and is thrown into the greatest rage, her discordant passions must have the accompaniment of music. When a foud wife learns that a trap is laid for the life of her husband, and communicates the intelligence to him, urging him to hasten, as the house in which they were was the scene of the conspiracy, he must stop to sing a song, which he composes at the instant for the occasion, and including a simile; she, not to be behind hand, answers, to the same tune, in another simile. The highwayman, when committed to prison, describes his misfortune in a song; when preparing for his trial, brings forward another, and sings a third when setting out for Tyburn-tree.

ingenious inventions, there is one which bears a very close analogy to the modern Velocipede, if it does not excel it. It forms the 91st 'Scantling,' and is as follows:—

'An artificial horse, with saddle, and caparisons fit for running at the ring, on which a man being mounted, with his lance in his hand, he can, at pleasure, make him start, and swiftly to run his career; using the decent posture with *bon grace*, may take the ring as handsomely, and running as swiftly as if he rode upon a barbe.'

The velocipedes have something so ridiculous in their appearance, as well as difficult in their management, that the modest and the idle will be equally deterred from the use of them: but there is so much ingenuity in the principle of their construction, that one would lament to see them wholly abandoned. We have seen a vehicle which has more than the ingenuity and usefulness without any of the disadvantages of this mechanical invention. It is calculated to accommodate three persons: the front compartment is constructed in the same manner as the common velocipede; the centre consists of a convenient seat, fitted up like the seat of a gig; and the third portion is behind the centre, in the shape of a dicky. It is worked by the person in front and the person behind, the person in the middle sitting perfectly easy. The man in front has work of the same kind to do as the rider of the common velocipede; the one behind sits in the dicky, with his foot supported by a footboard, and the exertion he has to make is to turn with each hand the wheels beside him: for this purpose a handle is fixed to the axis of each wheel, and which is turned round in the same manner as a common hand-mill. The machine is particularly available in private roads and gentlemen's parks.

PAROCHIAL PERAMBULATIONS.

ON ASCENSION DAY; OR HOLY THURSDAY.

THE custom observed, on this day, in London and several other large towns, of beating the boundaries of each parish, is one of considerable antiquity. Spelman thinks the custom is derived from the times of the Heathens, and that it is an imitation of the feast called Terminalia, observed annually at Rome, in the month of February, in honour of the god Terminus, who was supposed to preside over bounds and limits, and to punish all unlawful usurpation of land. On this festival, the people of the country assembled, with their families, and crowned with garlands and flowers the stones which separated their different possessions, and sprinkled them, in a solemn manner, with the blood of the victim (generally a lamb or a young pig), which was offered to the god who presided over the boundaries, or sometimes with pure oil; libations of milk and wine were also made.

Camden states, that this kingdom was first divided into parishes, by Honorius, archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 636, and counts two thousand nine hundred and eighty-four parishes; and, before the reign of Edward the Confessor, the parochial divisions were so far advanced, that every person might be traced to the parish to which he belonged.

In making the parochial perambulations formerly, on Ascension Day, the minister, accompanied by the churchwardens and parishioners, were wont to deprecate the vengeance of God, beg a blessing on the fruits of the earth, and implore him to preserve the rights of the parish.

Withers thus notices this custom:—

'That ev'ry man might keep his owne possessions,
Our fathers us'd, in reverent *processions*,
(With zealous prayers, and wth praisefull cheere,)
To walke their parish-limits once a yeare;
And well knowne markes (which sacrilegious hands
Now cut or breake) so bord'ed out their lands,
That ev'ry one distinctly knew his owne;
And many brawles, now rife, were then unknowne *.'

And in Barnabe Gooze's translation of the *Regnum Papisticum* of Naogeorgus, we have the following on Ascension Day:—

'Now comes the day wherein they gad abrode, with crosse in hande,
To boundes of every field, and round about their neighbour's land:
And, as they go, they sing and pray to every saint above,
But to our Ladie especially, whom most of all they love.'

In Lyson's Environs of London †, there is the following extract from the churchwardens' books of Chelsea:—

'1670. Spent at the Perambulation Dinner . £3 10 0
Given to the boys that were whipt . . . 0 4 0
Paid for poynts ‡ for the boys . . . 0 2 0'

The second of these entries alludes to another expedient for impressing the recollection of particular boundaries on the minds of some of the young people, and was certainly a *striking* one.

SPRING.

[The following poetical description of Spring, was written by Nabi Efendi, a celebrated poet, who died in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and translated from the Turkish language, by M. Cardonne.]

SPRING, my son, is the most beautiful of all the seasons. Nature, that seemed expiring during the rigours of winter, is now re-animated and assumes fresh life. The whole creation appears to be put in motion, and every thing announces a general revolution. The sap in the vegetable, and the blood in the animal world circulates with greater rapidity. The trees put on their new apparel, and the meadows are enamelled with a thousand fresh-blown flowers. The streams, whose captive waters were held in chains by the wild north winds, break those chains on the arrival of the soft zephyrs. The birds chaunt their pleasures, and the woods echo to their amorous warblings.

Indulge yourself, my son, in all the delights of the fair season. Leave the pomp of cities, and live in the humble fields. These were the first abode of man. The pleasures you will taste may possibly be less brilliant, but they will be more pure than those which towns afford. Here the philosopher, while he contemplates nature, must admire the magnificence of God in his works.

The meadows and the forests leave no heaviness in the heart of man! No scenes more favourable to the lover! None where he may better enjoy his sweet reveries! All the senses are flattered at the same time; the sight with verdure, the smell with fragrance; and on the susceptible ear, how sweetly fall the notes of the nightingale! Let

* Emblems, fol. 1635, p. 161.

† Vol. ii. p. 146.

‡ It would seem, from a passage in Herrick's *Hesperides*, that children used to play at some game for points and pins:—

————— 'A little transverce ball,
Which boyes and bruckel'd children call
(Playing for points and pins) cockall.'

music assert her empire over your soul! Give yourself up to her enchanting influence. Let her snatch you from yourself. Music, no less than poetry, paints the objects of the mind. She expresses the different passions. She has the secret art of inspiring tenderness and rage. Surely the heart has some correspondence, some intelligence with the ear.

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

[The following curious advertisement is copied from an American newspaper, entitled—'The New London Connecticut Gazette.']

THE SUBSCRIBER

Being determined not to move from this state, requests all persons indebted, to pay particular attention to his New definition of an *old* Grammar, &c.

Present Tense.

I am *	I am.	Thou art.	He is.
Thou art †		In want of money.	
He is ‡		Indebted to me.	
		Shortly to be authorized for the want thereof to take the body.	

Unless immediate payment is made, you must expect to take a lecture upon my *new plural*.

The Subscriber offers for sale, at his store, two rods south of the fish-market, the following articles, viz.

Solid Arguments.

Hot Oysters, Boiled Lobsters, Hams and Eggs, Butter and Cheese, &c.

Agitations.

Cider, Vinegar, Salt, Pickles, &c.

Grievances.

Pepper-sauce, Mustard, Cayenne Pepper, &c.

Punishments.

Rum, Brandy, Gin, Bitters, &c.

Superfluities.

Snauff, Tobacco, Segars, Pomatum, &c.

Extraordinaries.

Sea Serpents' Bones, Wooden Shoes, Water Witches, &c.

N. B. The above articles will be exchanged for

Necessaries, viz.

Bank Bills at par, Crowns, Dollars, Half Ditto, Quarter Ditto, Pistareens, Ninepenny-pieces, Fourpenny-halfpenny Ditto, or cents.

Terms of Payment.

One half the sum down, and the other half on the delivery of the articles.

Indiments, gratis, viz.

Those indebted for	Arguments,
Must not be	Agitated,
Nor think it a	Grievance,
If they should meet	Punishment,
For calling for such	Superfluities.
Nor think it	Extraordinary,
That I find it	Necessary,
To demand immediate	Payment.

The smallest favour thankfully received.

New London, March 1, 1819.

ANDREW SMITH.

PERSEVERANCE.

It is not generally known, that the extraordinary perseverance, which was the feature most remarkably displayed in Timour's character, during a fifty year's continued series of battles, was excited first by an accident, almost similar to that, which in a better cause, encouraged Robert Bruce to similar exertions. 'I once,' said Timour, 'was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring

* Andrew Smith.

† Any one the coat fits.

‡ Hezekiah Goddard, Sheriff's Deputy.

to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my observation on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself, up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish its object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top of the wall.' 'This sight,' said Timour, 'gave me courage at the moment; and I have never forgotten the lesson it conveyed.'

Original Poetry.

THE HAPPY FIRE-SIDE.

THE hearth was clean, the fire clear,
The kettle on for tea;
Ranger was in his elbow chair,
As blest as man could be.
Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,
And was his new made bride,
With head elate, upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.
Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
A fav'rite dog was laid;
By whom a little sportive cat,
In wanton humour play'd.
Clarinda's hand he gently press'd,
She stole an amorous kiss,
And blushing modesty confess'd
The fulness of her bliss.
Be this eternity, he cried,
And let no more be given;
Continue thus my fire-side,
I ask no more of heaven.

J. E.

ON SEEING MRS. B. AND MISS H.

AT THE SURRY THEATRE.

O! Cupid, in thy annals dear,
Of beauties for the present year,
Enrol two lovely faces;
One is in marriage happy made,
The other still remains a maid,
And charms with virgin graces.
What wretch so cold that views the wife,
But wishes still a single life
Left room for his addresses?
Or where is he that sees the maid,
But wishes Hymen's sacred shade
Permitted his caresses.

B.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—It is with peculiar pleasure that we commence our dramatic criticism with a new and successful tragedy, and still more so that it has been produced at a house whose falling fortunes have excited the regret of all lovers of the Drama; and we trust that it may be the precursor of such a series of successes as shall restore 'Old Drury' to her former splendour.

The *Carib Chief*, a tragedy in five acts, from the pen of Horace Twiss, Esq. was produced at this theatre, for the first time, on the 13th instant, and has been acted every evening since (Mr. Munden's benefit excepted). As the tragedy itself has come under our notice in another part of this paper, and we have given an account of the plot, the few remarks we have to make here will be confined to

the acting only. The character of Omreah, the Carib Chief, was given to Mr. Kean (written for him we might have said), for it was admirably suited to the powers of this excellent actor, though, if a little more relief had been given to the character, his acting would have had a much better effect; many of the passages were given with great ability; and his contempt for the Europeans with that caustic severity which made the sarcasm doubly forcible. The concluding scene was worthy of him: from the time he discovers that Claudina is his daughter, to his own death, his acting was in the highest degree masterly: the bursts of passion, interrupted by sobs and groans, were truly pathetic. Mrs. West, as Claudina, a woman of Indian origin and the bride of Montalbert, had much to do, and, in her tender scenes, was much admired; tenderness, indeed, is the *forte* of this very excellent actress. Mr. H. Kemble played Trefusis, an English general, respectably; but it is to very few of the remaining actors in the piece that even this praise can be extended. The *Carib Chief*, as an acting play, possesses considerable merit: the catastrophe is very striking, and managed with great skill.

We advise Mr. Stephen Kemble, for the interests of the house, the success of the piece, the character of Mr. Kean, and for his own reputation, to leave off that disgraceful system of puffing, which, if he has not introduced, he has certainly carried to an excess that renders it truly ridiculous. He is too much a gentleman and a man of honour ever to succeed in this line, and we advise him not to attempt it. Dr. Solomon and the Medical Board will continue to excel him, as far as the rapidity of instinct outstrips the tardiness of instruction.

COVENT GARDEN.—A new tragedy called *Fredolfo*, from the pen of Mr. Maturin, the successful author of *Bertram*, was produced at this theatre on the 12th inst. but, as it did not survive the ordeal of the first night, it is unnecessary to detail the story, which is horrific and unnatural. In this play, it is difficult to say whether greater ingenuity has been shown in selecting these strange materials for the stage, or in the manner in which they have been worked into a drama. The subject, the style, and the execution, are all worthy of each other. The play forms a mixture of all that is base and revolting in character and sentiment, with all that is imperfect in sympathy and repulsive to moral feeling. The language possesses considerable vigour, though somewhat too inflated. In the following passage there is much originality as well as poetic beauty: it is the answer to a sarcasm of Wallenberg on the rudeness of Fredolfo's old family mansion:—

'It hath a charm the stranger knoweth not;
It is the dwelling of mine ancestry;
There is an inspiration in its shade;
The echoes of its walls are eloquent;
Its tenants are not human—they are more;
The stones have voices, and the walls do live;
It is the house of memories dearly honour'd
By many a long trace of departed glory.'

One praise must always be awarded to this theatre, that of uniting all its strength in support of any piece that is produced. In the tragedy of *Fredolfo*, there was Young, Macready, C. Kemble, and Yates, with Miss O'Neill and Mrs. Yates; and they all exerted their powerful talents to the utmost; but the total want of dramatic interest began very early to display itself. Hisses were heard even in the second act, and a sense of weariness seemed to pervade the whole audience. The murder of Aldemar, so ridiculous

and so unnatural, roused the most lively indignation in the audience; the cry of 'Off, off!' resounded from all parts of the house, and not a word more was heard of the tragedy.

From the numerous melo-dramas that are successively, though not successfully, brought forward at the winter theatres, we have often suspected that they are manufactured from rejected tragedies, rejected by the managers we mean; what is afterwards done with them, when this experiment fails, we know not.

The new melo-drame of *Swedish Patriotism; or, the Signal Fire*, produced at this theatre, on Wednesday night last, has little to recommend it; that it abounds with storms, battles, 'hair-breadth 'scapes, and the imminent dangers of the deadly breach,' we admit: but what melo-drame is without them? And the incidents in this piece were neither sufficiently striking nor original to give it any superiority over the many that are offered to the public. The acting of Terry, Abbot, Liston, and Miss Foote, carried the piece through the evening, and may keep it on the stage a short time. Liston contributed most essentially to the success of the piece by his inimitable acting, of whom it may justly be said:—

'His voice is mirth—his very look a joke.'

The concluding scene was very fine, the firing of the signals, &c. giving notice of the triumphant landing of the Swedes, just as Walstein was about to be shot, had an excellent dramatic effect. The music and scenery are good, and the piece has since been repeated.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

THE Marquis of Arbois Gattinars, of Bremen, has founded a premium of 100 sovereigns (3600 francs) for the best elementary treatise on political economy, calculated to be used as a guide for the teachers of this science in the establishments of public instruction. The commission of judges, nominated by the founder, is composed of Garnier, Say, Baron Gerando, Le Sieur Ganihl, and Sismonde-Sismonde. The works may be composed in French, Italian, or English, and are required to be addressed to Baron de Gerando, member of the Institute, at Paris.

In addition to the expedition for exploring Baffin's Bay, and determining the existence of a communication by water towards Behring's Straits, another is about to be undertaken by land, which is to proceed in a northern direction from the Hudson Bay Company's settlements. The persons to be employed in this arduous undertaking, it is said, are selected; and, from the assistance of the North American tribes, every prospect of success is entertained. It will be recollected that, many years ago, Mr. Herne, and, more recently, Mr. McKenzie, fell in with the sea at two intermediate points, a considerable distance from each other, between Behring's Straits and Baffin's Bay.

The King of Prussia has presented the sum of 300 crowns to a hatter of Cassel, for having invented a kind of felt which renders hats proof against musket-balls.

From experiments made in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, it has been found, that if gunpowder be mixed with pulverized glass, felspar, and particularly with harder substances, it may be inflamed by being struck violently on an anvil, though faced with copper and struck with a copper hammer.

A Mr. Michael has obtained a patent for a new method of opening sash-windows, by which means they may be cleaned, painted, and repaired, in the inside of the room; this plan is applicable to old windows as well as new ones.

Arts and Manufactures.

A curious specimen of the extent to which our ingenious manufactures are carried, is exhibited in a knife, recently made at Sheffield. It possesses the utmost elegance in miniature, and contains—Thirty instruments moving on eleven springs and fourteen joints, of the most exquisite workmanship; it employed the workman twenty-eight days of close application to complete it; the length of it does not exceed five eighths of an inch, and it weighs only one quarter of an ounce. The following is a list of the articles contained in this curious knife;—a stick-knife blade, pruning knife, three pen-knives, nail knife, silver fruit-knife, silver toothpick, bow saw, double-toothed saw, leather punch, button hook, pair of scissors, gun-pricker, pair of tweezers, four fleams of different sizes, nail-file, chisel, corkscrew, render-timber, scribe, gimlet, bodkin, brad-awl, horse-hook, gun-screw, and auger.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascitur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

Singular Customs.—On the quay at Nimeguen, in the United Provinces, two ravens are kept at the public expense; they live in a roomy apartment, with a large wooden cage before it, which serves them for a balcony. These birds are feasted every day, with the choicest fowls, and with as much exactness as if they were for a gentleman's table. The privileges of the city were granted originally upon the observance of this strange custom, which is continued to this day. Many other charters are held upon terms as extraordinary. That of the city of Chester is held by the brutal entertainment of a bull-bait; and the descendants of William Penn were obliged to send a bear-skin every year to the British Monarch, before America became an Independent State, as an acknowledgment that the province of Pennsylvania was granted to their family by the Crown of England.

The Sadler of Bawtry.—It was in ancient times the custom to present to malefactors, on their way to execution, a great bowl of ale, as their last refreshment. This custom last prevailed at York, which gave rise to the saying, that the sadler of Bawtry was hanged for leaving his ale. Had he stopped, as usual, which he declined, his reprieve, which was actually on the road, would have arrived in time enough to have saved him.

Confirmation.—A poor woman, who had attended several confirmations by the bishop, was at length recognised by him. 'Pray have I not seen you here before?' said his lordship. 'Yes,' replied the woman, 'I get me conform'd as often as I can: they tell me it is good for the rheumatis.'

Rob Roy.—It is a fact not generally known, that Mallet, the poet, was of the clan Macgregor, and that it was not until the name was annulled by law, that his father assumed the name of Malloch, which was afterwards changed into Mallet.

Epitaph.—Jacques de Loxens made this excellent epitaph upon his scolding wife:—

'Cy gît ma femme. Oh! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos, et pour le mien.'

Great Names.—The Jamaica Gazette advertises two runaway slaves, viz. 'Venus, a creole girl, of a yellow complexion,' and 'Hercules, a creole, rather knock-kneed.'

The Irish oath, 'to swear by the hand,' is exemplified in Swift's 'Description of an Irish Feast,'

'By my hand you dance rarely,' &c.

And see Isaiah lxii, 8, 'The Lord hath sworn by his right hand, and by the arm of his strength.' If Virgil had suffered Mezentius to swear, who could say, 'Dextra mihi Deus.' Æn. x, 773, it had been, no doubt, by his hand.

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 Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
 On other rocks misguides the realm,
 And thinks a pilot at the helm.'

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